



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.



THE COLLECTOR AND ART CRITIC.

Published Semi-Monthly.



Vol. I. No. 6
AUGUST, 1899

DAVID C. PREYER, Editor and Publisher
13 West 28th Street, New York

PRICE TEN CENTS
Subscription, \$2.00 Six Months, \$1.00
Foreign, \$2.50

NOTICE.

IN VIEW OF THE TERMINATION OF THE ACTIVE SEASON FOR THE SUMMER, THE SEMI-MONTHLY ISSUE OF THE COLLECTOR AND ART CRITIC HAS BEEN SUSPENDED, AND THE NEXT NUMBER OF THIS PAPER WILL APPEAR IN SEPTEMBER.

What is the artistic taste of the people? Take it in music. At any public band concert classical music is but lukewarmly applauded, while a new claptrap piece, with babies crying, roosters crowing, musicians whistling, or any fandango, is rapturously received. The less music, the more enthusiasm.

There are indications, however, if one will watch closely at consecutive concerts where the same crowd is apt to congregate, that when more serious music is repeated a few times, the appreciation grows. Some of the less weighty grand operas like the "Bohemian Girl" or "Martha," and especially the intermezzo of "Cavalleria Rusticana," are becoming known and lead anvil choruses, etc., a close second in popularity. Even parts of Tannhäuser and serious Bach Preludes are recognized and received with favor.

The same is seen in the public appreciation of pictures, for instance at the Academy. *Oi πολλοι* gathers with avidity around a multi-colored fortune teller with a fashion-plate visitor, or admires the smooth Noah's ark cattle of some of our Academicians. A tour-de-force by candlelight or a bootblack somersault takes the cake—for the crowd cannot fortunately hand out the palm.

But mark again, if in public criticism, or by press reproductions, attention is called to the better class of work, we see at subsequent free Sundays appreciative knots stand before these representations of higher art, and although the comments be ignorant and crude, there is an evident desire to discover why this is better than the symphony in vermilion that hangs on the line.

All this proves the dormant taste of the people, its ability to appreciate the right ideal, its susceptibility for the cultivation of taste.

* * *

Cultivation of taste establishes intellectual superiority. This nation to grow intellectually must reach for the pursuits of art.

It is the mission of the government, of the *res publica*, to aid whatever tends to the refinement of its citizenship. Government encouragement and support of arts and crafts is the best means to increase the happiness of the commonwealth.

In this connection I appeal for these three:

A Division of Arts and Crafts in the Department of the Interior in Washington.

A State recognition of Arts and Crafts in every State of the Union, as by the Utah Art Bill.

Speedy legislative action in the State of New York to further the interests of art culture within its boundaries, so that small towns and country settlements may in some measure receive the benefits which the citizens of New York city receive through the lecture courses of the Board of Education and the Museums.

* * *

The suggestion made in the last number as to the omission of the Fall Academy Exhibition has been carried out. The Fall of 1899 and Spring of 1900 Exhibitions will be combined in a Mid-winter Show to open with the New-Year at the Fine Arts Building,—suggesting the working of the new blood in the directorate of the Old Academy. After the Academy Exhibition, the Architectural League will have its innings, following which will be the exhibition of the Society of American Artists, and then the biennial exhibition of the National Sculpture Society. It is to be hoped that this change may prove so successful as to be a permanent one. Everything is to be gained by it. The works exhibited will be of greater importance; the months of January and February attract a larger number of visitors, especially collectors from out of town; the art season is then at its height.

* * *

The Municipal Art Commission has been assailed in some quarters for the acceptance of the Lorelei Monument, unveiled the past month in Bronx Borough. This is unjust.

The criticism of the Commission for allowing the erection of the Arthur Statue in Madison Square is well founded, as its admission shows an indolent submission to outside influences, by no means a consideration of the requirements of monumental art, which must be known to the members of the Commission.

The Herter work, on the other hand, was rightly accepted, and since it can be viewed now in *viva forma*, and need not be judged from photographs, it is seen that the opposition must have come mainly from antagonism to the man in whose honor

the monument was designed. Not that this work of art is without faults, but the ensemble is of sufficient importance to warrant the designation of the place it now occupies.

The fountain as a whole is broadly conceived and well executed. The pyramidal lines from base to apex give a sense of solidity, imparting the idea of a rocky pool rather than a gushing sand well. The architectural features, so closely allied to a work of sculpture of this kind, are excellent. The *relievo* may also be regarded as quite satisfactory. The figures are, however, open to adverse criticism. Elevated sentiment finds expression in the highest class of form. As such the figure representing the Lorelei cannot be considered as altogether reaching this first principle of sculpture. It is weak and commonplace. It lacks dignity and poetry.

The three figures around the base are better conceived and carried out. They show bold invention, and a certain *bravura* of execution; there are passages of considerable merit in their composition. Yet the fault lies in the confusion and lack of simplicity. Like in Bernini's "Apollo and Daphne," there is a certain bad taste of picturesque treatment, marring the tolerably good lines. Still I think, as a whole, the work of Professor Herter is acceptable. While not a great work, it is of sufficient importance.

* * *

When reading over Mr. Lockington's account of "Philadelphia Sculpture," the second part of which is found in another place, I was reminded of the manner in which Wendell Phillips so bitterly attacked the principal public statues of Boston some twenty years ago. He said of Ball's "Quincy": "It is a dancing-master clogged with horse-blankets; not a dancing-master taking a position—that might possibly be graceful—but a dancing-master assuming an attitude, which is always ridiculous and wholly unlike Quincy, who never assumed anything, but was nature itself all over. I tender my sincere condolence to those who share the great mayor's blood." It is "a clumsy mass; any one sensitive to balance nervously longs to prop up that right side, fearful of his tumbling backward." Ball's statue of Benjamin Franklin is that of "a tipsy old gentleman, somewhat weak on his spindle-shanks, swaying feebly to and fro on a jaunty cane, with villainous leer as he ogles the ladies. Boston seems hag-ridden with Thomas Ball." W. W. Story's statue of Everett is "in trousers too large for him, and a frock-coat which he has slightly outgrown." Concerning the equestrian statue of Washington, facing Commonwealth Avenue, he says: "Washington? Well, then, my worthy George, drop your legs closer to your horse's sides; it must fatigue to hold them off at that painful distance. Rest yourself, General; subside for a moment, as you used to do at Mt. Vernon, into the easy pose of a gentleman; don't oblige us to fancy you are exhibiting." The Charles Sumner statue is "a cask made of staves and set on human legs. The face is that of a heavy-moulded prize-fighter." In conclusion, Mr. Phillips said: "I do not translate the old proverb, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*, as men usually do, say nothing but good of the dead. I rather render it, 'Of the dead say nothing, unless you can tell something good of them.'"

It will be noted that modern sculpture is far from the ideals of Greek "form-carving." There is neither particular and individual expression, nor ideal beauty, nor refinement of selection. Phidias in his grand and severe style, Praxiteles in his graceful and sensuous manner, nor Lysippus, ambitious and exaggerated, have followers at the present day.

Is Sculpture a lost art? Why is the Macmonnies Navy group for the Brooklyn Arch a sign of decadence, and Rodin's "Balzac" the ideal of the art?

But more of this in the next number.

* * *

In an article recently appearing in *The Criterion*, Mr. F. I. Bennett pays his respects to "The Man who will talk Art," in this fashion:

"In the present strife for the attainment of anything that smacks of the modern, there has sprung up a species of bore that is hard to

classify among the numerous families of social fungi. His qualifications are diversified, consisting usually of moderate intelligence, immoderate self-esteem, and a few impressions retained from the desultory perusal of Ruskin's essays on art. Thus equipped, he launches himself into polite society, 'does' the studios, attends private views, and, in fact, carries his blatant arguments wherever he is likely to have a chance of delivering them. He is usually a person without occupation—that is, of mind. He professes Philistinism, swears devotion to Chaminade, and subscribes to the modern art periodicals. His is the crime of Sciolism and his creed—to jeer at all that surpasses the scope of his meagre intelligence."

This is a keen pasquinado on an unmitigated nuisance, which is sometimes met with. I once heard one of this class, with the breeding of a dock laborer, standing in a room full of artists, exclaim: "None of you fellows know how to paint, there are only two men in this country"—naming them. One of these had painted the portrait of the man's wife, the artist likely to get his pay in such valuable puffs. The claim of the other artist on the distinguished consideration of his patron I know not.

This man posed as an amateur, a collector, a connoisseur, a man, who will talk art.

Yet these freaks are harmless because so easily recognized. Collectors and art lovers are not of that class. In all my experience of many years converse with them, I have found very few of these bombastic, nauseous egotists. Art elevates, and no man who truly loves her but feels the sweetening, tender influence on his character and life.

A more dangerous class, however, graduates from "the man who will talk art." It is the man whose eyes, somewhat opened to the riches beyond, allow his greed to shrivel his soul and seeks to line his pockets by trading on the credulity of those he could overwhelm with his bravado.

Such a man I met some time ago. His specious conversation, his plausible glibness in the use of "art terms" were truly convincing at first encounter. He used to talk about experting pictures in such a cajoling fashion that one was ready to accord him great knowledge and superior ability to detect a copy from an original. His favorite sentences were: "Collect reproductions and study these, and you will know the originals when you see them" (*sic*); and again: "Examine first for duplication" (whatever that may mean), "and next for quality and characteristics."

Something occurred, however, which let the cat out of the bag. One day he came to my office and asked me to go to the Union Square Hotel, where there were two pictures painted by "Rubens," on which he wanted to get my opinion. When arrived at the hotel, I found there a lady from Chili, who pulled out of a corner closet two sheets of copper, on which were revealed an entombment and another subject, I forget what, by no means exhibiting the characteristics of the great Flemish painter. The story told was that these pictures had been brought to South America two hundred years ago by the lady's ancestors; had been in her family ever since; but that reduced circumstances compelled a sale, and the two could be bought for eight hundred dollars.

Ye gods! Two paintings by "Rubens," each 24 x 36, for four hundred dollars apiece—but that is robbery!

When meeting again this "art collector," I strongly advised against the purchase, but was somewhat surprised that my man "with his book of reproductions under his arm, examining for duplication," followed my advice; although at first he fairly begged me to say they might be copies. Since then I have, however, discovered the usefulness of his "records." They are only brought in play after he has discovered and bought some old daub in a junkshop for a few dollars. (He has now about a hundred of them.) Then the "books of duplicates" and "records" are brought to bear on the picture to prove its masterly value. When any one else's property was to be experted these same "records" invariably showed up its worthlessness, and that the pictures were undoubtedly fakes.

Thus the bubble was pricked.

And his nauseating harping on one string: find and expert old masters in queer places, still goes on. Fencing with technical

"art-terms," often misapplied, gives "the man who will talk art" some authority with those that know him not. But his place is sure with those that have heard him a few times. "What a diversity of asses a man makes of himself when he becomes a smatterer!" Mr. Bennett well says in the article above referred to.

This is a class of fraud most dangerous to the collector and the trade. Under the sleek garb of gentlemen they are found to be veritable "shovers of the queer." Yea, verily, they take *Cousin Pons* as their patron saint, and when walking the streets they hear behind them the tinkling bells on the cart of an "old clothes, bottles, and rags" dealer—then "zit," "zit," whispers to their soul.

But Cousin Pons was a harmless, kindly old gentleman. Nor did he acquire any of his treasures for a few francs, so that he might commence at once a log-rolling scheme to unload for several thousand francs. Nor did he ever buy any work of art, even for a few francs, while knowing it to be a fake.

It is the policy of this paper to denounce and expose such rogues wherever found, and without fear or favor warning of such practices will be given.

* * *

The claim of Sir J. C. Robinson of London to having found a new "Rembrandt" has by no means been allowed by European critics. For the present the matter is yet in the stage of persistent newspaper assertions on the part of Sir John; little outside attention being accorded however to this rare find. The otherwise keen art critic of the Philadelphia *Item* is, as far as I know, the only writer on this side of the pond who has noticed the matter, except of course fake old Masters promoters. In a recent number of the London *Athenæum* Mr. Malcolm Bell, one of the ablest critics in Europe, however, condescends to write a letter showing what is thought of the find. The letter is as follows:

THE NEW REMBRANDT.

30 Egerton Crescent, S. W.

It is to be hoped that one of Sir J. C. Robinson's arguments in favor of the new Rembrandt will prove fallible, or our faith in the painter as a diligent, intelligent worker, who, by sheer steadfastness of purpose and devotion to his art, raised himself to the highest point of excellence, must be reluctantly abandoned. I have been accustomed to believe that from 1620 to 1627 Rembrandt was painstakingly practicing with the instruments he was to wield with such glorious success, and that, could we trace it, we should find his advance during that period, when rapid progress is most to be expected, to have been prodigious. Sir J. C. Robinson iconoclastically says, No. The "Money-changer," painted in 1627, is, he assures us, identical "in technique, coloring, and general style" with "an academy study" painted six years before, so that we must accept the painful fact that in all those six years Rembrandt had learnt nothing. I will not say done nothing, for I cannot suppose that the importance of the painting of the same "dull green tablecloth and the violet drapery" after six years, or the statement that "the actual pigments and vehicles used were the same in both works," is intended to be taken literally.

The other argument tells indeed, but against the authenticity of the work. The word "geretuckeert," retouched, doubtless given on Rembrandt's own authority—for the auctioneer engaged in making the inventory is not likely to have known or cared for the distinction—is not unknown elsewhere in connection with the artist's works. It is found on three etchings known as "Oriental Heads" (B. 286, 287, and 288), which are confidently believed to be copies made by some pupil of still existing etchings by Lievensz, and implies that Rembrandt disclaimed the authorship of the plates so inscribed, though he admitted a certain limited collaboration. The presumption is that the "Vanitas" so described, which was included in the inventory because it remained upon the premises, as were the bed linen and the kitchen utensils, was also the work of a pupil, merely touched up and corrected here and there by the master. Sir J. C. Robinson's picture may be the same, but in that case it can hardly be called a Rembrandt, and, in any case, we are no nearer a solution of the mystery of Van Ryn, 1621.

MALCOLM BELL.

—(From the *Athenæum*, London, of July 8, 1899.)

Added hereto may be the announcement that one of the "Rembrandts" exhibited at Amsterdam, belonging to no less a collection than the private one of Queen Victoria, and repre-

senting Rembrandt handing some jewelry to Saskia, has been declared to be "not a Rembrandt," on account of certain weaknesses which cannot be expected from this master.

The London Rembrandt Exhibition has also exposed the fraudulent device of a so-called collector who had acquired two portraits, which it is known had changed hands several times for insignificant sums as unknowns. The connoisseur had boldly proclaimed them to be Rembrandts, with great show of such wonderful keen, critical acumen as would serve his purpose, sufficiently brazen to even convince the authorities of the Exhibition to allow their admission. Unfortunately, he had tacked on to the paintings the caption "Burgemeester Six and his wife." As all the "Six" portraits which Rembrandt ever painted are known, and are in the possession of the Six family, whose private collection in Amsterdam is well known to American travellers, it is needless to say that soon after the opening of the London show the fraud was detected.

* * *

For a change, we discover a *rara avis* in the person of M. Peschard, a Paris Police Commissary. He came into possession, through inheritance, of a panel which connoisseurs have claimed to be the original Raphael: "Virgin with Infant Jesus," of which there is a copy in the National Gallery. And the marvellous part of it is, that the owner of this find is not sure of it, nor does he desire—in apparent good faith, too—to have his property thus attributed to the Maestro Urbino. Can it be possible?

Would it have been possible if this had happened in Brooklyn or near the Boulevard?

* * *

Apropos de bottles. Two anecdotes about Rembrandt are told by Dr. Bredius in the Dutch magazine *Oud Holland*.

When Rembrandt's financial affairs were at their lowest ebb in 1654 the artist received 75 gulden from a rich Portuguese Jew, Señor Diego d'Andrada, as advance payment for a portrait of a young girl, which, on completion, was not satisfactory to the capacious critic. By notarial act he notified Rembrandt to make the portrait like the original or return the money. This the artist refused to do, and, further, demanded satisfaction for the insult. The only concession he would make was to allow the portrait to be submitted to the judgment of a jury from the St. Lucas guild, after the remainder of the price should have been paid. In case of refusal, he threatened to put up the portrait with some other pictures at public sale.

So even the old masters had their troubles, like "The Baronet and the Butterfly."

That Rembrandt had his peccadilloes is on record in the "*Registers der Kamers van Huwelyksch Zaken (Marriages) en Injurien*." It concerns the complaint of Geertje Dirks against Rembrandt van Rhyn. "Complainant declares that the defendant has orally promised to marry her and has given her a ring. He has made several journeys with her, wherefore she asks to be married to him or be supported by him. Defendant denies to have promised to marry complainant and declares that it is untrue that he has been intimate with complainant; she must bring forth the proof of this." Notwithstanding, Rembrandt was ordered by the "*Komissarissen*" to pay to Geertje, instead of 160 gulden, which she asked for, annually 200 gulden.

A few other cases like this one contributed somewhat to the dire financial straits of our artistic *bon-vivant*.

* * *

I have learned of two books in the market which are quite interesting. One is "Raymond's England." It is a little larger in size than Webster's Dictionary, leather bound, published in 1770. The other is a unique manuscript volume, bound in leather, also the size of Webster, being an "Arithmetic," containing rules and demonstrations of arithmetic, geometry, chronology, navigation, astronomy, and closing with a journal of a "voyage from England towards Madeira in 1772." It is written on unruled paper, with pen and ink in a very concise manner, and contains a number of little sketches in watercolors. Any further information will be gladly furnished.

Catalogue reading is generally regarded a dry occupation—almost as dry as catalogue writing. And yet if detailed information is given under the definite numbers a certain amount of interest may be engendered, because specification is of greater importance than generalization. Thus even a sale catalogue may become interesting, if in a chatty way, by what the French call *causerie*, an attempt is made to instruct as well as classify. It will be noticed that this course is pursued in the description of the Hearn Collection of Chinese Porcelains, and an effort is made in some way to indicate the profound richness of this subject of Oriental Ceramics.

It may not be out of place to suggest that in this manner the catalogues of coming picture auctions might be improved. These, in the past, have been of a lamentably nondescript, hackneyed character. The more elaborate ones present a list of the artists with constantly recurring biographical data clipped from cyclopædias and monographs; this is followed by a numerical list of the paintings, described thusly: "sky here, trees in foreground, a cow on the left," and so on, which calls in question our eyesight or intelligence. A true description of a picture concerns itself with the inspiration and the quality of it, and will bring out quite sufficiently the individuality of the artist.

SCULPTURE IN PHILADELPHIA.

II.

MCCLELLAN, MEADE AND REYNOLDS.

NEVER do I emerge from the Pennsylvania Dépôt at Broad Street, without incurring a sense of concern lest by accident I sight the unsightly equestrian statue of General George B. McClellan.

This was erected in 1893 through the indomitable energy and persistence of an old time comrade and friend Major Moses Veale, and never did friend or comrade devote himself to a better cause or worse effect.

From the square toed riding boots to the nape of the neck, the modelling is atrocious; but the crowning glorification of everything deplorable is the rampant charger.

God made man, man made war, but what H. J. Ellicott Sc. ? made, in return for the \$15,000 is beyond my poor vocabulary in Art or Sculpture to determine.

Some photographic resemblance may be seen in the facial lines, but beneath this; life, feeling, form, anatomy or pose exist not.

Merely the hanging on of the uniform to a badly balanced manikin. If the deceased General was condemned to wear such top boots, then my heart goes out in sympathy to him. They are too short, and in short deplorable. The welt under the toes is square cut, and insufficient in length, thus causing the larger phalanges to extend directly and very obtrusively over the welt. This alone would afford a befitting excuse for riding such a horse in preference to nothing.

Look ye again: the arch of the vertebral column, how out of keeping with a good seat and a decent rider. Taking the *tout ensemble*, it would lend itself to the supposition that the horse and not the man was the executive agent. From the pommel of the saddle, the horse develops chest, neck and head so abnormally heroic as to preclude any possibility of the diminutive General having a view of anything beyond.

The pedestal, which is of light unpolished Quincy Granite may be said to be the only redeeming feature.

Strangers within these gates might surely be welcomed by a better example of the sculptural taste and ability of Americans and American artists. Some day, and God speed it, Committees on Selection will see the folly of their fatuous ignorances, and will by the aid of a decent honorarium obtain the services of a worthy representative of an art medium to aid them in the selection of material that may do justice to them and the citizens at large.

GENERAL JOHN F. REYNOLDS.

Within a hundred and fifty feet of the above, on the north side of the \$25,000,000 City Hall Monument, stands another equestrian.

It is homogeneously, and is an emanation from the hands of John Rogers, that versatile progenitor of parlor groups historical and domestic. What more ? Further introduction is unnecessary.

General Reynolds, it may be remembered, anyway I've looked it up to make sure, fell on the morning of the 1st of July, 1864, as the advance was made by the Union troops to intercept the flank of Lee's columns.

Advancing towards McPherson's woods at Gettysburg, General Reynolds recognized too late that the guns of the Confederates were already planted and trained upon them; raising his hand as a signal for his troops to advance, the enemy fired and Reynolds fell mortally wounded. The sculptor's intent and purpose was to depict virtually this incident.

Here we have Reynolds in fatigue uniform, with field glasses slung over the shoulder, dress sword and forage cap, reining in his horse with a light rein, and the right hand raised at an angle of a few degrees above the shoulder level. Pointing, always pointing up North Broad Street, that untiring index finger.

The grim shadows on the face do not betray much of the portraiture, but the figure of the man is bad, the waist line too short, thus rendering the sword-belt conspicuously high from the saddle, and making the body altogether too short from the shoulder to the waist, and a long seat in the saddle. An impossible feature to a man reining in a horse.

The statue was practically the gift of Mr. Joseph Temple, for many years associated with the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. From a fund created during his life a medal and \$25,000 was given for this remarkable illustration of the high plane attained by American sculptors.

This was I believe John Rogers' first and last equestrian statue. *Requiescat in Pace.*

GENERAL G. B. MEADE'S

statue occupies a good position on a rising knoll, a little to the northwest of Memorial Hall and facing Horticultural Hall of Fairmount Park.

This was designed and won after a hard fought competition by Alexander M. Calder, of Philadelphia; away in 1885-6 and cast by the Henry-Bonnard Bronze Co.

In no sense is it heroic; it is uniformly weak, wanting in strength of lines, and lacking altogether in the local traits of military action. Only in the application of the uniform details has the sculptor shown any faithful adherence.

The pose merely portrays the opponent of Lee, not as one would imagine him, eager to cut through the lines of the Confederates at Pine Ridge and thereby cutting off Lee's communication with Richmond, but in a battalion parade, reining up in circus-like form to receive the plaudits of the onlookers.

Admitting the portraiture of the man as being fairly good, surely it might be granted through the skill and training of our sculptors that something pertaining to the characteristics of both horse and man should be given to future generations to make both of documentary value.

But alas ! We see the General, by some unknown power, causing the poor horse (that bears no resemblance to "Baldy") to strain every sinew, vein and muscle, mouth torn and hind quarters squatting in its effort to balance the pressure of the fore feet flung out straight to assist the balky movement.

The man is out of balance, sitting in a semi-recumbent fashion with the left hand drawn up to the buckle of his belt, while the right hand drops down over the saddle cloth holding a fatigue cap. Even this action is contradictory. Military tenets supply the action of the inverted hand, or exposure of the palm, betokening submission, and the acceptance of such a salute demands the showing of the back of the hand with the index and second figures raised to the chapeau, helmet or fatigue cap.

The present action is therefore more befitting the action of a riding master.

This is one of the costly monuments erected by the Fairmount Park Art Association at a cost of \$25,000. Some day, perhaps, it will be made imperative that our modellers and sculptors study the anatomy of the horse, and those entering a military equestrian competition being compelled to show credentials, proving their study of military actions at West Point.

The Multum in Parvo may be seen in Massey Rhind's statue of

STEPHEN GIRARD

on the Western Plaza of the City Hall.

That plainly dressed philanthropist, plain of face and mien, I always consider a good, thoughtful work of honest execution. Gold lace and ecclesiastical robes played no part in the make-up of the figure, hence the better value given at the hands of the sculptor.

The nine-foot figure stands in easy pose upon a nine-foot pedestal of granite, which bears upon the three sides bronze panels showing in bas relief incidents of the philanthropist's life. Massey Rhind was also fortunate in having for his associate a man capable of creating or designing a pedestal having for its component parts all the essentials and details dictated by the law of harmony and good taste.

In fact, Quaker City does not possess a better.

MITSCHKA.